THE CUBA GUILD

O Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth, let them lead me, let them bring me to Thy Holy Hill, and to Thy Tabernacles.

Vol. 1. New York, July A. D. 1880. No. 2.

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THE CUBA MISSION

The House of Bishops recently assembled in Council, passed the following resolution, on motion of the Bishop of Maryland:

"*Resolved*, That the Bishops in Council assembled, authorize their commission to declare that the Rev. Edward Kenney is officiating in Cuba by their appointment, and with their entire approval of his work and course thus far."

HORATIO POTTER,

NEW YORK, Nov. 5th, 1875. *Bishop of New York.*

BISHOP IN CHARGE.

Appointed by the Presiding Bishop, acting under Title III, Canon 5;

THE RT. REV. A. N. LITTLEJOHN, D.D., LL.D., of Long Island.

CLERGYMAN IN CHARGE.

THE REV. EDWARD KENNEY, B. D.

Address, care of the Consul-General of the United States, HAVANA, Cuba.

SERVICES IN HAVANA.

In the South Wing of the Hotel Pasagè; at Matanzas and Cardenas, when possible, and at other parts of the Island, as opportunity offers.

Also, on VESSELS in the HARBOR during the Winter.

*** Persons visiting the Island, are cordially invited to attend these Services.

LETTER FROM THE MISSIONARY.

Hotel Pasage, Havana, Cuba.

MY DEAR GUILD:

When I wrote you last, we were approaching the end of the season of Lent. It is during that season that we have our best congregations and are enabled to do our most effective work here. Whenever it is possible we hold weekly services, and during Holy week we have daily services, with a short sermon at noon. These services were fairly attended this year, but apart from this, the fact that we hold them, that the chapel is open for prayer, has a notable influence upon our surroundings, and commands respect from even the most worldly and abandoned. Our Easter was a triumph, and I only wish it were possible to put our joy into words. The decorations were simple and beautiful, and we had flowers in abundance, and these were all offerings, tributes of thanksgiving from loving hands and hearts, anxious to bear testimony, at least in some way, to the fact of the Resurrection. Not only flowers were brought, but plants and even trees. These latter were placed at the entrance of the Chapel, and along the sides approaching the Chancel. The font was covered with flowers, as was also the reading desk, and about these on the floor were placed some of the plants peculiar to this country. The Chancel was almost one bed of roses, and there was a large Easter Cross of choice flowers on the Altar. *It was an offering from our people*, and as it stood against the white hangings, and having at its base a bank of roses, three feet long, by as many high and broad, it seemed as though we might climb up through the flowers to the Cross, and when we think of it, this is even possible to all who bear about with them the Christ life, who have learned aright the lesson of Calvary, for ever since "Christ endured the Cross despising the shame," we may climb up to the Cross in triumph, surrounded by the innumerable blessings—the flowers, if you will, of the christian life, discerned only by the christian heart. I could not help telling you of our flowers in this wilderness. Our Easter is the largest and most fertile oasis in our desert. But the congregation was the best part. The Chapel was crowded with people, and even the halls leading out to the outer entrances, and many were compelled to go away. The service was hearty, and the Easter hymns were sung as though we meant to give thanks and praise with all our might to our heavenly Father, for so great salvation. And as the faithful knelt to partake of the Holy Communion, by and through which we hold communion with our ever-living, ever-present Lord, it seemed as though our cup of happiness was full. May each succeeding Easter be as joyous, may we all pray—until the poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind in this land are induced to kneel, as children of one family around the altar, to receive these gifts of love. We had Easter eggs also for the children, which were placed in the body of the Chapel, and distributed after the service. And it may interest you to know that these were also, an offering from three of our communicants. Our congregation usually becomes smaller after Easter, until as we approach this season, it becomes very small. We had a very good attendance this year, until the first of May, and then it began to rain, and rained almost continously

throughout the month, but notwithstanding, we have every reason to be thankful for the congregations we have had through the heat and the storm. The Whitsun-day offerings of flowers were sent in, and we had a delightful service. We learn to appreciate these blessings more in a foreign land, than we do at home, and yet it is a sad sight here, to look about one, and see some who were once cradled in christian homes and who have apparently lost all love for Christ and his church. In the midst of such discouragements, one cannot help asking the question, why were God's children ever left without the ministrations of religion? And why were these left so long? But leaving this vexed question, which we cannot answer, let us believe, that now we are at work, if we call them aright, not in our own name, but in God's name that they will come *home*. And they are coming home. The other night I sat up until 12 o'clock and after with some good hearted men, who came to me from a distant part of the Island. It would take me too long to tell you all they said, but they asked for Bibles and Prayer Books, and offered to have an offertory box made and put up in a prominent place where they all congregate, and said they: "we believe the boys will contribute, and we will always hold up our end." Such interviews as this, and they frequently happen here, leads one to the belief that the neglect will be righted in time, and future generations of good Christians, will have cause to thank the Church of our time for the inestimable benefit, yes, and they will thank the Church only for doing her duty. There is hardly a country where skepticism has a better chance to unfurl its banner in apparent triumph than this. The failure of christianity is the argument, whilst you are asked to look upon a ruin. Even our difficulties in securing money for our mission here, has led men to say to me: "Christianity has had its day, it must give way to something else." This is our chief discouragement here. It cannot be overcome with books—learning makes no headway against it—but only the Christian life, the honest daily Christian life, which men can see and *feel even*, when they come in contact with it. And when men find that we are in earnest in caring for their souls for Christ's sake, they will come back again to the old home, and learn the old lessons over again which their Mother's taught them.

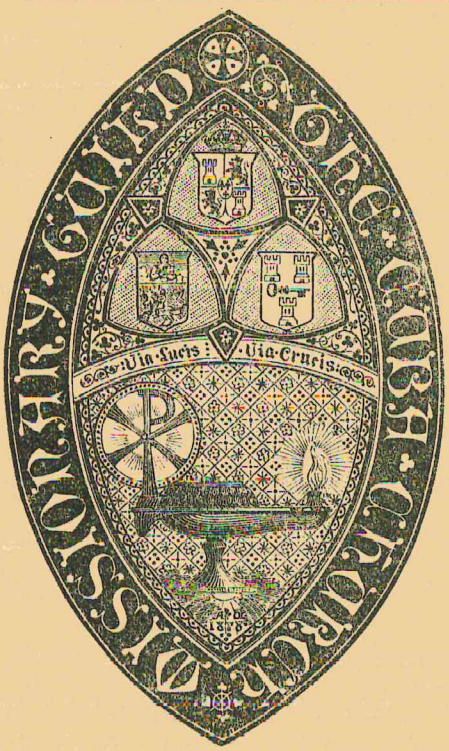
Our hospital work, the extending a helping hand to the poor, the word of comfort and consolation to the distressed and afflicted, the actual treatment of men as our brothers, the very deed and act, and not the word only, will make our eyes moisten with gladness, after awhile, if we only persevere in the work. It is the essence, the very essence of Christianity, if I may so write, which we need here, and some men possessing that essence, who have that "mind which was in Christ Jesus" to labor here in all the richness of His love. You would be astonished to see these Chinese here, how grateful they are for any kindness or attention shown them. They have yet to learn that great lesson of the Fatherhood of God, and that other of the brotherhood of Man, included in the first, and taught to us by Jesus Christ. The Chinese have been only a little better off than the slaves here, but all are now free, Slaves and Chinese too. The Coolies understand this change, and look happier. They are an intelligent people. I wish you could see them reading the Christian stories, printed in their own language, which we are constantly distributing among them. Professor Hasselbrink our lay helper here, and who has charge of this part of our work, gives glowing accounts of them. To give these people our hands and Christian love, means to teach them of the life, and sacrifice, and love of Jesus Christ, which they cannot learn otherwise. It is foreign missionary work, and we shall be very thankful for *The Holy Word*, in the Mandarin tongue, for them. We are enabled to work freely amongst these Chinese, and there are many thousands of them, here at Havana. But with the Negroes the case is different, they have applied to us for books, and every application has been met with a liberal supply. They have asked for advice, and it has been given. Much quiet work has been done amongst them in the city, but further than this, we have not thought it prudent to go for the present. The Government has given them a certain freedom, and they are advancing slowly, and it seems to be our duty to work with the Government, not against it. In due time the Sunday School which they need, will be established. We have been enabled to do much for them in the country, and only await the means and the men to do more. The few cases of reading matter which you so kindly sent for our sick, has been carefully put away in our hospital library, and is doing good service. We shall need more. Fortunately we have had but little sickness thus far this year, and what we have had has not been serious. The dread trouble may come upon us though at any moment.

For a long while it has been my desire to establish a reading room for the Officers and Sailors belonging to our Merchant Marine, and for others in the business portion of Havana. Many obstacles have been in the way, and we had to put this good work off from time to time, though always keeping it in mind as a very necessary duty to be performed. Recently one of our Merchants has placed a room at our disposal, over his office. This together with the good supply of books which you sent the other day, has enabled me to carry our, long thought of project into operation. The benefit to be derived from such work as this cannot be measured. We shall need more books, magazines, reviews and other readable matter from time to time, and we trust your liberality may know no bounds. I have incorporated in another letter to the children of the "Guild," at the request of your Provost and Registrar, the story of Charlie Kenney—but before I close this I wish to say a word about another brave boy, who has

SUPPLEMENT TO * * * * *

THE·CUBA·GUILD.

:No: 2: .·. TRINITYTIDE .·. : Vol: 1 :



: In : Thy : Light : shall : we : see : Light :

* * * * * * * *

During the Past Six Months, our Missionary in Havana has distributed among the Negroes in that city, over 600 Bibles and Prayer-books, every one of which was given in answer to personal applications.

*

Marriages.—Our Missionary solemnized four marriages in the Chapel at Havana, within one month about Eastertide, all among the middle and lower classes:

*

A Large Number of Cubans and Spaniards were present at our Church Services at Havana on Easterday and were apparently deeply interested.

✠

July 25.—IX Sunday after Trinity, and Festival S. James Greater, A. M. Annual Commemoration of the Guild.

* * * * : TRINITYTIDE : A : D : 1880 : * * * *

*** Special Services to be held (D. V.) under direction of The Cuba Church Missionary Guild.

Date.	Day.	Parish.	Hour.
July 11.	VII Sunday after Trinity.	Bethesda Church, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	Eve'g.
" 18.	VIII "	Garrison Chapel, Fortress Monroe, Va.	
Aug. 8.	XI "	Pequot " New London Harbor, Ct.	
" 22.	XIII "	S. Michael's Church, Bristol, R. I.	
" 29.	XIV "	Christ Church, Ballston Spa, N. Y.	Morning.
Sept. 5.	XV "	Trinity " Newport, R. I.	"
" 19.	XVII "	Trinity " New Rochelle, N. Y.	"
		S. Peters' Church, Porchester, N. Y.	"
" 26.	XVIII "	Christ " Rye, N. Y.	
		S. Thomas' " Mamaroneck, N. Y.	

*** Other services are in course of arrangement for the summer, but up to time of going to press, it has been found impossible to complete the list.

June 14th.—The Rev. Edward Kenney has gone to Matanzas, and other points in the interior of Cuba upon a visitation, to administer baptism, and perform other offices and services of the Church.

JOHN B. MANCEBO, a young colored boy from Santiago de Cuba, is now at St. Augustine's School, Raleigh, N. C., receiving a preparatory education, at his own request, that he may become a clergyman and go to teach his own people at his native place. Most excellent reports are made of his character and progress. The Guild have him in care. He requires many necessaries, without delay. The Guild does not feel at liberty with the state of its treasury, to make any appropriation. The Registrar asks for special offerings for this purpose, to be sent him to 304 Clinton Street, Brooklyn. Will this request be in vain?

*

THE FREE READING ROOM IN HAVANA, FOR SAILORS AND OTHERS, was recently opened, and is meeting with success. Its existance is owing to the kindness of a Merchant in Havana, who has placed a room over his office at our disposal, and to the friends who, in answer to our applications, have sent us books and papers therefor. We hope this statement may arouse much interest and induce many gifts of such literature as asked for under "acknowledgements" in another column.

* ADVERTISEMENTS. *

*** For Rates, please address the Registrar.

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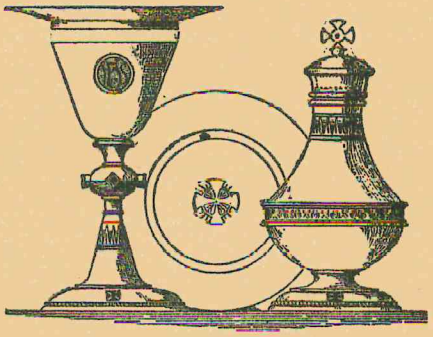

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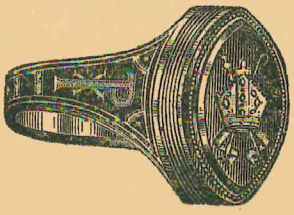

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been studying for a long time, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, endeavoring to secure the education necessary to fit him for work at Santiago de Cuba, where he was born. He is a mulatto boy, and his name is John Mancebo. When he left the Island he went to New York, and became a scholar in one of the Sunday Schools of Trinity Parish, and he was confirmed there. He afterwards offered himself to the Bishop of Long Island, in a most humble and unexpected manner, and said that "if some one would help him he would like to get an education, that he might go to his native place and teach the people how to go to Church, and the children how to go to Sunday School, just as the people and children in the United States did." He has never wavered from that day to this, and I know all his struggles, and they have been many. He is now studying at Raleigh, N. C., and needs help, and many things to make him comfortable. The story of his life is a long one, too long to tell now, but I trust that amongst the readers of this paper, some kind friends may be found to help and encourage this persevering Soldier of the Cross, whilst I remain,

Sincerely and faithfully yours,

EDWARD KENNEY,

June 3d, 1880.

A SUNDAY IN HAVANA.

[AN EXTRACT.]

At 12 o'clock on Saturday night, the tour of observation of the correspondent began. Taking a guide, the polite Peruvian Edward, whom every visitor to the Pasaje knows, I drove out to the edge of the city to the Caballanes. This is a garden, or restaurant and dance house, where the festivities of the Sabbath began, but there was nothing going on except drinking till the middle hour that divides the Lord's day from its predecessor was passed. In the centre of the building on the ground was laid a large floor, which was sprinkled with sand to the depth of half an inch, with a large fence erected all around it. Above it runs a gallery, on one side just above this fence, and on the lower floor, outside the railing, are placed chairs. The doors of little supper rooms, ranged like boxes in a theatre on two sides, open out on the area to give the occupants a full view of the operations. Now they are all ready. A brass band strikes up, a door opens, and in rushes a bull. He is blinded by the light for a moment, but the next he makes a rush at a Matador who waves a red mantle near his eyes, and barely misses him. "Bravo toro" is shouted from 500 throats, and the infuriated animal charges right and left, making the agile bull-fighters betake themselves quickly to the protection of close barriers, built on each side of the enclosure, just near enough to the main fence to allow a man to pass through, and still too narrow to admit the head of the animal. Soon another man appears with two darts, wrapped in gaudy colored tissue paper, about the size of the stick in a rocket, though hardly as long, and with a flourish of his weapons of torture, and a smile and bow to the spectators, calmly awaits the onslaught of the bull. As he comes on with lowered head and is about to toss his antagonist, the Picador deftly thrusts the darts into the back of his neck, and avoids those terrible horns by slipping to one side, while the bull, snorting with passion and pain, stands panting and glaring at his tormentors. The crowd of men and women shout comments, first for one side and then for the other. They care little who conquers.

'Will they kill the bull?' I asked of Edward.

'No,' he said; 'there are not people enough here to pay to kill him.'

After the performance had been repeated for over half an hour, the bull was lassoed and led away. The barriers were then removed, the sand swept away, and the ball begun, just as we left, which the guide assured me would be kept up with the wildest revels until sunrise.

* * * * * * *

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the cock-pits were thronged by the male portion of the population, but at 3 o'clock great crowds began to wend their way toward the ferry to cross the bay to Regea, to attend the bull-fight, the event of the day. This bull-fight is worthy of a slight description as illustrative of the brutality of the people, that is a source of wonder to one not accustomed to it. The arena is perhaps 125 to 130 feet in diameter, and is surrounded by seats rising one above the other, all around it, with a row of boxes at the top. On one side, the representatives of the city authorities sat in an apartment decorated with the arms of Spain, whose trumpeter gave the signal for each step of the proceedings. After the first blast there was a sort of grand entry of men and horses, who paused in front of the officials, made a low bow, and then retired, a half-dozen footmen taking their places in different parts of the ring, carrying red and yellow cloak-like pieces of cloth, and two horsemen, one on each side. These horses were old, broken down animals that could scarcely drag their emaciated limbs one step after the other. The riders were armed with a long pole, in the end of which was fixed a goad. A sound of the bugle again, and a low door was opened carefully, and out plunged a magnificent white bull. A man standing over the gate had stuck a roseate upon his shoulder as he passed by means of a sharp pin in its centre, and he was furious in an instant. He looked around a moment, and then drove straight for one of the horses. The poor animal was blindfolded, so it did not even try to avoid the shock, and the bull lifted it, rider and all, clear from the ground and threw them over his shoulder. A yellow cloth was flaunted in his face as he was about to pinion the horseman, who was caught by the foot under his sorry steed that had not the spirit to try to rise, and he charged at the footmen. They dodged and ran for the barrier, and at its entrance, one of them was caught and tossed heavily. The animal did not stop, however

THE CUBA CHURCH MISSIONARY GUILD.

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*These constitute the Executive Committee.

✻

STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE GUILD.

OF WAYS AND MEANS.—The Provost, the Registrar, the Treasurer and Mr. Seth Low.

ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTERESTS.—Messrs. Britton Richardson, Van Bokkelen and Morehouse.

ON —— CHESTS.—Rev. Canon Ward and Mr. Thos. H. Montgomery.

ON SECURING THE AID OF CHRISTIAN WOMEN IN THE WORK OF THE GUILD.—Rev. H. H. Oberly, Rev. Dr. Cady, Rev. Messrs. Newton and Skinner, Hon. Benj. Stark and Mr. J. H. Schoenberger.

ON CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE OTHER BRANCHES OF THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION ON THE SUPPORT OF THIS MISSION.—Rev. Dr. Langdon and Rev. H. A. Skinner.

ON EDUCATION, &c., Rev. Drs. Hoffman, Stubbs, Langdon and Mr. B. Richardson.
Rev. Prof. E. E. Johnson and Mr. Geo. E. Sibley.
Rev. Dr. Stubbs and Rev. C. B. Brewster.

ON PUBLICATION OF "THE CUBA GUILD."—The Registrar, and Mr. S. D. C. VanBokkelen.

✻

Special Committee on the Annual Sermon before the Guild, and on the Annual Meeting—Rev. E. A. Hoffman, D. D., and the Registrar.

✻

Publisher of "THE CUBA GUILD," (in accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, and by appointment of the Executive Committee,) GEO. WISTAR KIRKE, Office of Publication, 35 Broadway, N. Y.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.

⁂ Offerings and contributions intended for the Mission, and membership fees, should be sent *direct to the Treasurer of the Guild*, COL. F. A. SAWYER, care of CLYDE'S W. I. STEAM LINES, 35 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, who will acknowledge the same. Remittances should be by bank draft, check or post office order exclusively.

✻ OBJECTS ✻

1. To diffuse information and create interest among churchmen and others in Church Missionary work in the island of Cuba, among the foreign residents of, and visitors to the Island, and the following classes of persons:

(*a*) Officers and seamen composing the merchant marine.
(*b*) Officers and seamen sick in the Havana foreign hospital.
(*c*) All Coolies and Chinese residents on the Island.
(*d*) Negroes unbaptized and uncared for.

2. To encourage the practice of piety, virtue and charity on the island of Cuba, and by our aid to reach the ignorant, assist the weak, succor the distressed, console the afflicted, relieve the poor, visit the sick, and help, by every means in our power in the securing Christian burial to the dead.

3. To secure financial aid for the purpose of the Mission, viz:

(*a*) The support and education of candidates for Holy orders
(*b*) Furnishing necessary articles for the proper maintenance of the services on the Island.
(*c*) To aid in educational purposes.
(*d*) To provide a suitable cemetery—"a God's acre"—where our dead may be buried; and
(*e*) To provide a special fund for the support and maintenance of the Clergy who may be stationed on the Island, as Missionaries.

4. To secure supplies for the foreign hospital.

5. To furnish religious literature.

6. To use every lawful influence in the endeavor to gain permission to build a Church, or Churches, in the island of Cuba, (for the foreign population.)

GUILD NOTICES.

The Annual Meeting of the Guild, will be held in the city of New York, on the evening of the Second Wednesday of October next, of which due notice will be given.

✻

THE COUNCIL.

The Council of the Guild will assemble at Grace Chapel, East 14th Street, near 3d Avenue, New York, on Tuesday, September 7th, 1880, at 8 P. M.

✻

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The next stated meeting of the Executive Committee, will be held at Grace Chapel, East 14th Street, near 3d Avenue, New York, on Tuesday, September 7th, 1880, at 3.30 P. M., at which time the annual reports of the several Committees should be presented.

By order of the Executive Committee per resolution passed June 1st, 1880, the financial year of the Guild will close on August 31st.

✻

MEMBERSHIP, $1. per annum, and includes a copy of "The Cuba Guild."

Those who aid the work, are made Associates.

Churchwomen are included in the foregoing.

✻

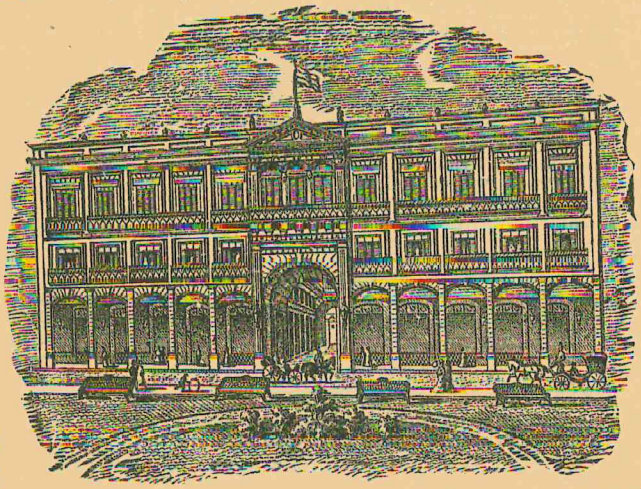
⁂ Offerings or subscriptions of money from firms, corporations, &c., are solicited, as well as from individuals, and of any sum, however small. The Clergy are asked to become members; to aid the cause by personal or public effort, by securing members, by taking collections, or by organizing a Ward. One dollar membership fee per annum, is within the reach of almost every one. Christian women are asked to help this Guild.

to take advantage of his fallen enemy, and made at the other horse, which was served as the first. Nothing saved these helpless brutes from being ripped up but the fact that the points had been sawn off the bull's horns, and that he could only bruise and excoriate the skin by his savage attacks. The footmen then kept the bull's attention while a number of assistants entered the ring, and, by several minutes' tugging at the heads and tails of the prostrate horses, and a great deal of kicking and goading, the animals were on their feet once more, only to be knocked down and trampled again the next instant by the bull, who was let alone by the footmen as soon as the horses were in shape to receive their share of the torture.

After fifteen minutes of such work the trumpeter gave another signal, and the tottering horses were helped out of the arena. Then the man with the gay paper trimmed darts entered, and as the bull charged at him, adroitly thrust them into the lump on his heavy neck, and left them dangling. Again the bugle sounded the third act—the most brutal of all. It was the programme on this day that amateurs should kill the bulls. They were young swells who had excited the admiration of the crowd during the performance by their dandified ways and gay attire. The one chosen for this bull was not so anxious when the long slender sword was placed in one hand and the gaudy red mantle in the other. His courage failed him, and he asked the judge to allow a brawny professional that stood by, ready to coach him, to despatch the animal, now looking very wicked, with bloodshot eyes and foaming lips.

The populace jeered at him, and would not permit any change in the programme. The swaggering youngster must make the attempt. It would have been an act of mercy to have granted his request. He was thoroughly frightened, and when the angry animal came at him with lowered horns, instead of striking him to the heart, with a strong downward thrust between the shoulders, he sank the blade six inches into the bull's neck, wide of the mark, and had his weapon torn from his grasp while the blood streamed from the wound. The crowd jeered like the gallery gods at a bad actor, in a theatre. Another sword was brought, and this time he made a long glancing thrust down the animal's side. This was kept up till the poor beast bled in a dozen streams, and still the spectators scoffed and reviled the inhuman swordsman, never thinking of the suffering of the bull. Finally the crowd called to take him away, and the fop retired in disgrace. A fellow naked to the waist threw a lasso over the bull's horns, and he was about to be led out when the spectators set up a new clamor. They had paid to see the bull killed, they said, and were not to be swindled. In accordance with their demands, the animal's head was drawn up to the top of the fence, and a man armed with a dagger struck him half a dozen thrusts at the base of the skull, till he finally hit the spinal nerve at last, and the bull dropped as if shot

Then the spectators were delighted, and cheered and clapped their hands in the wildest delight. A team of gayley dressed mules, with jingling bells, were brought in and hitched to a cable passed about the dead animal's loins, and dragged him away. The band played, the crowd cheered again with approbation, the bugle sounded once more, and another bull rushed into the arena. The same scenes precisely were repeated till four of these dumb animals had been tortured and then butchered to satisfy this savage delight in blood.—*Byron Andrews in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, February 13th, 1880.*



The above cut is an illustration of the Hotel el Pasagè, Havana, for which we are indebted to the Graphic Co.

In the South Wing of this Hotel, the services of our Church in that city are held. It is opposite the Park de Isabel la Catolica, When in 1871, the Rev. Edward Kenney, in obedience to the commands of the Bishops, went to Cuba, it was a punishable offence for a clergyman not of the Roman Catholic Communion, to hold a Church Service there, and it was necessary to meet for prayer and praise, and for the ministration of the Sacraments in the Harbor of Havana, the first services being held on board the U. S. "Terror." Our Church meant to find a way to the thousands of God's children who were counted as without religion, and who were living "as sheep without a shepherd."

Eight years ago, he dared to hold the first services on shore, in a room with closed doors. For a time no sound of music was uttered. and the Hymns and Chants were read. Gradually, however, these difficulties were overcome, until with organ and choir, worshippers are enabled to enjoy, without hindrance, all the Church's service, and this year for the first, the public press has been used to give public notice of the same, without any interference by the police.

in short, hewas a little American. More than this she would not tell, and her friends were defiant in their attitude. She said herself afterwards, that if she ever succeeded in getting hold of the boy again, she would kill him. I saw plainly that there was a hard fight before us, and was at a loss, at first, how to act. The few words which the woman had said about his being an American, enabled me to decide, and I determined at once to claim American protection for Bobby, so I went to the Consul General of the United States and laid the case before him, who after a brief delay, took the matter in charge, and then the fight began. I am afraid it would make my story very tedious were I to give you the details of that fight, so I will only tell you, that it was carried on quietly for months. In the meantime Bobby was placed under my protection and received every kindness and attention at the hotel. He was naturally a very strong child and his recovery was more rapid than we dared to hope for,—on the morning when we first looked upon his body all covered with bruises and wounds,–and it was not very long before he was playing about the halls of the hotel. He had learned a good deal of wickedness during his short career, and one could see very plainly that he had been in bad company, (the company we keep, children, always tells upon us sooner or later,–either for good or bad.) But Bobby soon began to lose his little wicked ways and to act like a *gentleman*–a gentleman four years old–much to the credit of his Father and Mother, whoever they are, and wherever they may be at this hour grieving for their lost boy. We know him only as an orphan now, but I believe he has a Father and Mother living. And who knows but what he may find them some-day, just as Japhet found his Parent in the story which you may remember of "Japhet in search of his Father!" He is a very affectionate boy and in those days he used to come and put his little arms around my neck and tell me as much as he could remember, about his "*good Mama*," as he called his own Mother, in contradistinction to the Circus woman whom he always called *Mama Louisa*.

During the time of which I am writing, I went to the interior of Cuba to make some visitations, and to hold some Church services. I left Bobby at the hotel. When I came back the boy was gone, and you may imagine how sorry, yes, very sorry I was when they told me that the Judge had sent an officer twice to carry him away, but the child cried and screamed so, that it was impossible to take him; and that finally the officer came again with an order from the Judge to take him, no matter how much he screamed, and that if the child died even on the way,—no matter, it could not be helped–and so Bobby was carried off by main force screaming and kicking and crying as though his heart would break, and taken to Matanzas, a city about 60 miles from Havana. He was then deposited, according to Spanish law with a man belonging to the same circus and was really back with the woman again. Her friends had been at work during my absence. When the Judge was appealed to, he simply said that he would do as he pleased, and he would like to know what the Consul General of the United States, or the Padre Cura Protestantê–meaning me,—had to do with the boy. This was unexpected trouble. Our Consul General knew nothing of it, and so I went again and laid the case before him, and finally the little boy's history was placed before the Captain General of the Island. The Captain General is an officer appointed by the King of Spain, to govern the island of Cuba. After waiting a few days, the Captain General decided that the Judge should have Bobby brought back from Matanzas and delivered to the Consul General of the United States, and our Consul General brought the child with the papers setting forth these facts, to me, and thus a long fight was ended, and Bobby was saved. The poor boy was afraid to move about much after that, his troubles had been so many, that he would start back and tremble at every strange face. He was with me for a long time at the hotel, and when I went to the United States in September of that same year, 1874, I took him with me. On the way he told me much that I had not learned from him before ; told me that his *good Mama* always called him Charlie, and that a man took him away in a wagon, and that they called him Bobby in the Circus, in fact that the Circus woman gave his name as *Robert Edward*. He said he had "lots of brothers in the circus," but that he had two brothers home who were "different from the Circus brothers." He could not remember any other name but Charlie, and when I asked him about his home, and the name of the place, he tried to describe it to me but could not remember the name. Each day marked some improvement in his manners and conversation, and when we reached New York, he sat at the hotel table with me and behaved like a little gentleman,—as I said before—a little gentleman four years old. He made many friends who were there and have been since, in many ways, very kind to him. I had him baptized hypothetically,—Charlie,–and gave him my name, so he is now known as Charlie Kenney, and is a brave, honest and truthful boy, such as all boys should be. We all love him for his own worth, and not out of mere pity. I could say many good things about him, but it would make my story too long. And now I think I hear you ask, but where is he? He is at Cooperstown, New York, in that little school which Miss Susan Fennimore Cooper founded some years ago, and under Miss Cooper's care and direction he has grown in wisdom and knowledge, and in the fear and love of of his Heavenly Father, who has made his once little sorrowful life, a life of peace and happiness; and I know you will all remember him in your prayers that this good may continue, whilst I remain, until I have something more to tell you,

Your sincere friend,
EDWARD KENNEY.

Tuesday, June 1st, 1880.

✠THE ✠ CUBA ✠ GUILD✠

✠ : TRINITYTIDE : JULY : A : D : 1880 : ✠

A Quarterly Paper issued in the interests of the "CUBA CHURCH MISSIONARY GUILD," at Eastertide, Trinitytide, Michælmas and Epiphany.

SUBSCRIPTION, - 25 CENTS PER YEAR.

All communications can be addressed to either members of the Committee of publication, viz:

THE REGISTRAR, 304 Clinton Street, | S. D. C. VAN BOKKELEN, 108 Gates Avenue, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

✠THE ✠ GUILD✠

We have recently received, in various forms, many kind expressions in reference to the work in Cuba from different parts of our country, as well as Canada. These go to assure us that its importance is now being more generally realized.

Among the many who have helped sustain the Mission from its commencement, the members of other Religious Bodies stand prominently. To their praise and honor, they have been *the best friends* the work has had, and are to-day *working for it*. Their Christian acts have extended to every one of the several branches of our work. They have given money liberally and cheerfully, and when emergencies have arisen, an application has not been in vain, and such have been the means of our realizing that "he who gives quickly, gives twice." But for certain literature sent us, and entirely from this source, the special effort among the Coolies would have been without much of its effect. Kind letters have been received without number. Indeed, in every possible way, they have encouraged, as well as sustained us, by their good works.

The Guild was the recipient several months since of a substantial offering for the work, accompanied by the following noble letter, from one well known to all,—the Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D.—a letter that requires no comment.

New York, Dec. 22d, 1879.

The evangelistic work of the Rev. Edward Kenney in Cuba has been most faithfully performed, and most signally blessed. Mr. Kenney has consecrated his life and energies to this most important and almost neglected field. I earnestly commend Mr. Kenney's work to the liberal support of all Christians, apart from all denominational considerations. There is a common evangelical Christianity that should unite us all in active enterprise for our Lord, and when a faithful man is doing a godly work, he should be encouraged by every Christian heart.

HOWARD CROSBY.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS—In response to our request in the April issue, for further donations of literature for the Mission, we have received numerous valuable and acceptable packages, which have been sent to Havana free of cost, through kindness of the Clyde Steam Line, and are herewith acknowledged.

HOTEL PASAGE, HAVANA CUBA.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the following named packages during the month of May, for which the donors have my sincere thanks: Mrs. McRee Swift, New Brunswick, N. Y., one case of books and magazines, for reading room at Havana; Mr. C. B. Davenport, New York, one package Chinese and Spanish books and papers; Mrs. T. L. Ogden, 4 E 10th St., New York, one package books and papers; Mrs. Lyman, Brooklyn, N. Y., one package papers; Rev. E. R, Ward, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, one package Office of the Holy Communion in Spanish.

Sincerely and faithfully yours,

EDWARD KENNEY.

May 22d, 1880.

Also, since the foregoing, from Geo. Hewlett, 68 Remsen St., Brooklyn, one package papers and magazines. We repeat our former request for further supplies, for (1) the use of the Free Reading Room connected with the mission in Havana, (2) for the sick sailors in the Foreign Hospital in the same city. The books, magazines or periodicals sent, should be, as a general thing, of a secular character and *illustrated*, and in any language. No matter how old, they will be very acceptable. The Registrar will, upon being notified, give directions for forwarding.

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AN INFORMAL CONFERENCE OF CHURCHWOMEN willing to aid the Guild in its objects, was, upon invitation of a member, held at Grace Chapel, New York, Tuesday afternoon, June 8th. After a full discussion of the subject, an adjournment was made to Tuesday, Sept. 28th, at the same place, at 4 P. M., when it is proposed to form some permanent organization for the purpose stated. A committee was named, consisting of Mrs. Francis Peck of Brooklyn, E. D.; Mrs. F. C. Hall, Mrs. A. E. Woodruff, and Mrs. Upham of New York, and Mrs. Alfred Roe of Brooklyn, to consider and report upon the subject. A general invitation is extended to all ladies who feel interested in this movement, to attend upon the occasion named. The acting Secretary, Miss Bloodgood, 441 Morris Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J., will be pleased to receive suggestions from ladies at any point, in reference to the plan, or the names of those who desire to aid in the proposed organization.

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THE TEACHERS OF GRACE CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOL, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, at Easter, appropriated $20.00 out of the years offerings to Cuba, for which our thanks are returned. We learn of other schools which will do likewise.

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LAY MEMBERS OF THE GUILD, who have not paid their annual dues for 1880, are requested to to remit $1.00 to the Treasurer without delay. Cards will be sent out at an early day.

A LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

Hotel Pasage, Havana, Cuba.

To The Cuba Guild.—DEAR CHILDREN:

You will remember that I wrote you in my last letter that we had a great many stories to tell of little boys and little girls in connection with our Mission here in Cuba. I am going to tell you one now about a little boy, one of the dearest, kindest, gentlest and withall, one of the most manly little fellows we have ever known.

It all happened about six years ago in the San Carlos Hotel, here at Havana. I was living there at the time and we had our church in one end of the building, which we rented for that purpose. A woman came to the hotel one day and engaged board. She brought a little boy with her, a handsome, rosy cheeked boy, with very winning ways; but he wore a sad and thoughtful look at times, which caused many of us to think he was unhappy, a mere thought which passed away in the thinking. It was late in the spring, a time of the year when the air of Havana is full of the malaria which is the principal cause of that fatal disease called yellow fever, which carries so many of our people to their graves.

I was sleeping out of town at the time, in order to avoid the foul air of Havana, and came into the city very early every morning to visit the sick in our hospital. This painful duty generally kept me busy three or four hours, so that, usually, I did not reach my study in the hotel until eleven, sometimes twelve o'clock. One morning Mrs. ——— said to me, "Mr. Kenney, I have taken a great interest in that little boy, and I believe that he is badly treated and does not have enough to eat. Will you please find out who he is, and about his Mother?" For we all thought the woman was his Mother. I made the inquiries and everything was apparently satisfactory. The suspicion, however, that the boy was being treated badly continued to increase, but for what cause no one could tell. I was busy with my work and paid little attention, at the time, to what I considered unnecessary meddling and gossip. One morning an old and faithful servant came to me and said,—"I hear that little boy crying bitterly every day. The woman he calls his *Mama* has taken a room on the upper story, and she is constantly whipping the child." This was an entirely new complaint, but yet I said, "What right has anyone to interfere with a Mother correcting her child. I suppose he is bad and deserves it." These complaints were renewed from time to time, until there seemed to be necessity for interference, and Jane's face, (that was the servant's name) gave every indication that she was pleased, when I advised her that the next time the shrieks and cries of the boy were heard, to go into the room and find out what was the matter, and if it seemed necessary, to take the child away and I would stand responsible for what she did. I heard nothing more of the trouble for some days. One morning I came in town by the five o'clock train, but instead of going to the hospital, according to custom, I went immediately to my study. It was about half past six, and after I had ordered my coffee, good old Jane—I called her good, because she has been very kind to our sick people—came running to me all out of breath and in a great fright and speaking rapidly she said, "Oh, Your Reverence!" that boy went on awful this morning, yelled and screamed and we thought he was being killed, and I knocked at the woman's door and she would not let me in and I just burst it in, I did, and oh! Sir, what do you think I saw?" "Why what, Jane?" said I. "Oh, Your Reverence! that boy was all naked and tied to the bedpost, so that he could not move, and that woman, oh! that bad woman was beating him with her trunk strap. Yes Sir, and worse and worse, Sir! with the buckle end of it. And I made her stop, though she threatened to beat me, and I untied him and brought him down stairs in my arms, and I think he will die, he is all black and blue, and his head is cut, and his little side is all bleeding, and he does not speak or open his eyes. He is in one of the rooms down here, (pointing to the room.) Come won't you quick and see him?" Of course I went with her immediately, and yet could not help thinking that the case was exaggerated, and that no Mother would inflict such chastisement on her child. But I soon found out that she was not his Mother. The sight which I witnessed when I reached the room cannot fairly be described with the pen. If I could make pictures I would draw one for you, but even then you would not see all sides of the sad scene. The boy was lying on a velvet rug in the centre of a large room. A few of the guests of the hotel and some people from outside had gathered round the little sufferer. I made my way to the child and found that he was naked and speechless, his body was fearfully lacerated, and as the servant woman had said, black and blue from "head to foot," his head was cut and blood was oozing from his side. As he lay in this ghastly condition, no one, for a moment, thought he could live. We sent for a physician immediately—two came—restoratives were applied and after a while the child began to show some signs of life. A careful examination of the wounds was made and a record kept for the Judge of the District, to whom the case was reported immediately. The woman was placed under bonds and a number of men of the county made themselves responsible for her appearance. At the examination which followed we found out, for the first time, that she belonged to a Circus company and that little Bobby—for that is what they called him—was in the habit of performing as an athlete, playing all sorts of antics on the trapeze. He was being disciplined to do these things, and part of the daily discipline was a good beating. The woman said that Bobby was four years of age, that she was not his Mother, that he belonged to the United States of America,